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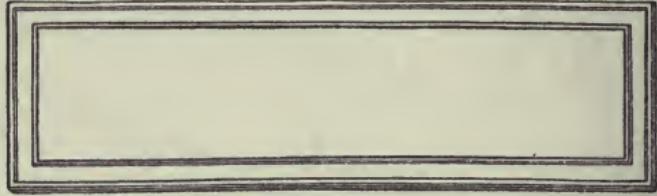
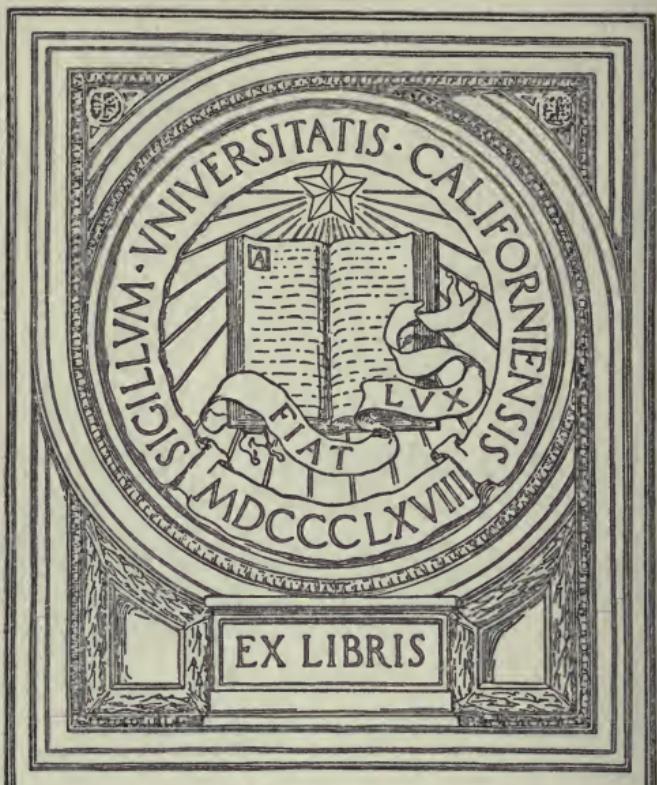
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THE
LIFE
—
OF
JOHN DAGLEY ;
INCLUDING
HIS CONVERSION
AND
CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

A Poem.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

LONDON :
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HENRY MOZLEY,
PRINTER, DERBY.

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PREFACE.

In writing prefaces, how wrong,
To flatter with the human tongue.

'TIS not the half that I have wrote, of what I've seen
and felt :

Were I to give the whole detail, the hardest heart
would melt.

The doctrines I believe are not herein exprest,
But as they were, with power, upon my mind imprest ;
The simple truth appears, as by experience taught,
Not sounding in my ears, but to my heart was brought.
My heart establish'd then, with what the Lord hath
done,

Whate'er may stand oppos'd to this, I'd say to it,
begone.

I know the brain may swell, with notions high or low,
And lead the sceptic down to hell, where bold blas-
phemers go :

O then, my reader, stop, and think the matter o'er,
Lest the great Master of the house should rise and shut
the door,

And you be left to cry, Lord, open unto me ;
And from within you hear him say, My face you shall
not see !

O what a dismal sound ! " Depart," he then will say,
" My grace abus'd, my law defy'd, with devils go away."
In vain you then will say, " We've eat the sacred bread,
" We've drank the wine, reliev'd the poor, we 'have
both preach'd and pray'd."

Again he'll say, " Depart, I never knew you yet ;
 " What you have eat, what you have drank, what you
 have done's unfit
 " To come before my throne, or enter my abode ;
 " You have rebell'd, in all you've done you've sinn'd
 against your God."
 " O Lord," you then may cry, " now hear my further
 plea,
 " I have been member of a church, I never went astray."
 " A member of a church—this has been plainly seen,
 " But member of my flesh and bone is what you've
 never been :
 " No bastards can I own ; men must be born again,
 " If e'er they enter this abode, with me to live and
 reign."

My reader, think again, and pause now o'er thy state ;
 By God's own word you now may see, what is the
 sinner's fate.

Rest not in outward forms, they will do you no good,
 You must be born again, or die !—let this be under-
 stood.—*John iii. 3.*

Now may I humbly hope that you your state deplore,
 And now are brought to seek his face before his mercy's
 door :

That mercy's door I know, is Jesus crucify'd ;
 Behold his pierced hands and feet, and look into his side :
 His side, his pierced side, from thence flows all thy gain ;
 His heart was broke, his side was pierc'd, to ease thy
 heartfelt pain.

But art thou one of those who canst indulge in sin ?
 His bleeding wounds, his heartfelt woes, thou hast no
 interest in.

Perhaps Christ's blood and righteousness may hang upon
 thy tongue ;

'Tis not for thee to sing of this, 'tis too divine a song.
 However great thy light, however great thy pow'r,
 Thy disappointment will be great in the decisive hour.

Perhaps thou may'st a preacher be, and have great
 wit in store :

Who call'd thee to the work I'd ask ? who led thee
 through the door ?

Now if you've enter'd in, before the Lord did send,
 You will be left to rue for this, on it you may depend.

But stop, my muse, and think—perhaps thou art too bold,

A youngster may give thee a shake—remember thou art old :

No one of thy own age and size will e'er attack thy skill ;
If a young stripling should arise, he may almost thee kill.

I give this subject up, dear Lord, take it in hand,
Let old and young, that feed thy flock, in safety ever stand :

To all, of every name, I'd have them understand,
Whoe'er it is that loves the Lord, I take them by the hand.

Reader, if thy mind be gracious, courteous, humble,
At what you find amiss I know you will not grumble ;
But thy kind candour, with construction fair,

Will excuse all that here appears so rare :

But if at school thou hast been nicely taught,
I am afraid thou wilt be finding fault.

Beside the faults that in these lines are found,
With many more I know I do abound :

Be who, or what thou wilt, by this I do
Present myself now fully in thy view ;

And shall I say, please to excuse the man—

For thee, for me, it will be the best plan :

“ Good nature and good sense should always join ;

“ To err is human, to forgive, divine.”

For to please men I have but little stood,

But as I hope it tends to please my God.

I've told the truth, 'tis plain, this you will see,

O may it prove a blessing unto thee ;

And not to thee alone, but unto thine,

When in God's kingdom thou in glory shine.

Some, perhaps, may charge me with a crime

That I have wrote this little book in rhyme ;

Well, be it so, it does best suit my taste,

Some men also, will like to read it best.

The busy bee, you know, does not turn sour

When it does light upon a bitter flower ;

But artfully from bitter takes the sweet,

Then flies away another flower to meet :

The ground on which the flow'ry head now grows,

We'll say the thistle, tulip, or the rose ;

The colour, whether it be black or white—

The honey sweet, is all the bee's delight.

The butterfly, now, with its downy wing,
It flies about and seeks for no such thing ;
With painted wing it beats the empty air,
No bread, no wine, nor honey does it bear :
It needs no weapon to defend its store,
No one will harm it, it does need no more :
The figure's plain, now you may understand,
There is no honey where no sting's at hand.
Whate'er you find amiss I did not it intend,
I have not sought to please, I wish not to offend.

J. D.

CHAPEL-END,
December 4, 1821.

THE
LIFE
OF
JOHN DAGLEY.

PART I.

I HAVE engag'd my life to write,
When I look back, Oh ! what a sight !
Dear Lord, help me to write the truth
As I remember, from my youth.
I was a stubborn, wilful boy,
And with good things would not comply ;
For many years I liv'd the same,
The number I will give by name :
For nineteen years, and something more,
I liv'd a life that I deplore ;
I was estranged far from God,
In the broad way that sinners trod.
My parents they were very poor,
They worked hard, and had no more
Than what they got by sweat of brow,
And children they had not a few—
Brother Joseph, sister Mary,
Ann, Hannah, William, sister Sarah,
Lydia, she came after one,
I am the man, my name is John ;
In all it made up eight in number,
Enough their honest minds to cumber.
There was not one the Lord did fear,
Though we did live in Warwickshire ;

On a dark spot, call'd Stockingford,
We'd no such thing as Gospel word.
In good morals I was taught,
But never, never had one thought
Of my state, or gospel plan,
Till I grew up to be a man.
Without the word we could not hear,
And we had got no preacher there.
I can't forget my younger years ;
As I grew up I had my fears,
That the last end would not be well,
I had been taught there was a hell ;
To which the wicked must be driven,
And not come near the gates of heaven.
The judgment-day did terrify,
So that I fear'd to tell a lie,
Yet with my fellows I did run,
To have with them a little fun ;
Then my conscience me accus'd,
When the Sabbath I abus'd ;
Then I'd repent and say my prayers,
And shed a flood of legal tears ;
Compose myself, and think it good
To wash my cheeks in this vain flood.
But ah ! my will was not set right,
In sinful mirth I took delight ;
In those vain things we did pursue
I must be first and captain too :
For I was young and very wild,
A great deal like a heathen child.
I feared much to swear and lie,
But did do both, I can't deny—
The Lord forgive me, then I cry'd,
I thought it needed nought beside :

I often shudder'd at my fate,
 And fear'd I should repent too late ;
 I vow'd, and promis'd to amend,
 But all my vows came to an end.

About this time a preacher came,*
 To speak to us in Jesu's name ;
 But the name we did not know,
 To hear him we did often go,
 For to disturb, to mock, and jeer,
 We did not want the Gospel here :
 Above the rest my heart did swell,
 I said that I could preach as well ;
 And often I stood up to mock—
 Around me stood a wicked flock,
 Who extolled me when I had done,
 Because I made a little fun.
 The unfounded things that I did tell
 Originated first in hell ;
 I wonder why the Lord did give
 A life to me, so vile to live.
 My conscience all the time would smite,
 Young man, young man, you can't be right ;
 I then would think, " I'll mend the matter,
 " I will reform and be much better."
 A Churchman I profess'd to be,
 But scarce the church did ever see ;
 But when I thought for to amend,
 The church, the church, must be my friend.
 My legal fears press'd on me hard,
 Oblig'd I was to pay regard
 To something, that might give me ease,
 And afford me a little peace.

* Mr. Eagleton, father of the Rev. I. Eagleton of Birmingham.

To church I went with resolution,
Determin'd on an execution,
To make myself quite good enough ;
But, alas ! what trash ! what stuff !
I wanted more than here I found ;
I went to church for twelve-months round ;
This did give me a little ease,
But the Lord it did not please :
The light of truth was quite unknown,
Just as I went, so I came home ;
For with my state the preacher did not meddle,
I was but rock'd and hush'd in Satan's cradle.
But having thus renew'd my life,
I thought I'd set me up a wife :
My courtship I shall quite pass by,
Upon my wife I'd fix'd my eye ;
I propos'd the subject to her then,
With ready mind she said, Amen.
The day was fix'd, and we were wed,
I told the thought then in my head ;
I said, now we are man and wife,
We must keep up a godly life,
Go to church, and fear the Lord,
And heav'n will be our last reward.
This was fostered in my mind,
I did not know I was so blind ;
I went to church, but was not right,
A something yet was out of sight,
But what it was I could not tell,
I thought, perhaps, it might be well
To be confirm'd, a Churchman good,
And make the sacrament my food ;
I did do so, but still was blind,
It did not satisfy my mind :

I turn'd to my old sports again,
In company with foolish men.

If you would know my sports and game,
I'll give them unto you by name :
Jumping, running, bowling too,
(Drunkenness I never knew)
Dancing, rambling, night and day,
At the cards, I'd ever play :
My vows were broke, my peace was gone,
And often I was found from home.
In this state I wretched was,
But never understood the cause,
Till the time had quite outrun
That there was born to me a son.

My aunt a midwife was indeed,
She came to wife in time of need ;
A good old dame I knew she was,
I'll tell you now the real cause :
She'd heard the truth, she'd felt its power,
This led her on from hour to hour ;
From week to week she travell'd much,
To hear the Gospel in a church.
She had a daughter, Martha, too,
Which unto church, with her, did go ;
I ask'd her all about the man,
And how they did perform their plan :
She told me all, a simple tale,
Which on my mind did soon prevail
To say, " I'll go and hear him once,
" To pass my judgment," what a dunce !
She said, " I wish you would do so,
" I know you'll like him, if you go."
I said, " I'll go, if all be well,
" The next Lord's day to Merevel."

So I prepar'd myself to go,
 But the road I did not know :
 My aunt was gone, to be right soon,
 Left me behind, this was my doom.
 I always made my word my bond,
 Therefore I did not now despont ;
 But off I set, I ran apace,
 In hopes that I should find the place.
 I overtook them on the road,
 This did to them some joy afford :
 They talk'd with me in prudent plan,
 Because they understood the man :
 They talk'd of Jesus, kind, and good ;
 Nothing by me was understood :
 They talk'd also of doubts and fears,
 Such things had never reach'd my ears,
 And, as these things I did not know,
 I said, " How far have we to go ?"
 " Not much further," they reply,
 " The church it standeth there, just by."
 " Where ?" I said, I can't it see."
 " 'Tis there," they said, " behind that tree."
 " Where ?" I said, " I see no church ;"
 I thought myself then in a lurch.
 Ah ! thought I, a wicked people,
 There is no church, for there's no steeple :
 I never in my life before
 Did see a church so low, so poor.
 I thought that Dippers do meet here,
 There was a pond so very near ;
 Beside, there was a small boat-house,
 'Tis here, I thought, they come to douse
 Their converts, when they are brought in,
 And this I thought to be a sin :

All but the church I did defy,
 Believing all to be a lie.
 Whoever turn'd away from church,
 I blamed all, I blam'd them much :
 Dissenters all I did them hate,
 I thought them foes to church and state.
 But why did I those men despise ?
 I'd scarcely seen them with my eyes :
 My thoughts I'm sure of them were wrong,
 I had abus'd them with my tongue ;
 I had been told, when but a boy,
 They would the church and king destroy ;
 Therefore it was I did disdain,
 I thought they were mischievous men ;
 But since I've known them, I do find
 To better things they are inclin'd ;
 The souls of men they wish to bring
 To Christ, the everlasting King.
 No foe to church, no foe to state,
 'Tis only sin that they do hate :
 For those who will bear no control,
 We cannot be accountable.
 How careful then should parents be
 To keep the minds of youth quite free
 From errors, that may cause a pain
 When they grow up to age of man.
 I thought, indeed, all must be wrong
 That did not to the church belong :
 A foolish fondness fill'd my breast,
 Without the church I could not rest.
 But why was I so fond of church ?
 It always left me in the lurch ;
 Because its pastors do not teach
 The doctrines they are sworn to preach..

But as I'm here I will go in,
I may be witness to some sin ;
And if 'tis good, I'll find it out,
I'm wise enough I have do doubt :
My prayer-book I had got with me,
I was determin'd for to see
If any of them be left out ;
If all is right, I have no doubt,
But that some good may here be done ;
If not, I'll have a little fun :
So in I went, to my surprise
The font it stood before my eyes,
Which made me think, they don't immerse,
But baptize children in this place ;
And that which pleas'd me rather best,
Communion table, in the east :
Then, thought I, this place will do,
If the prayers are all read through.
The service it commenc'd aright,
And in it I had some delight ;
But when he read the second lesson,
I fell almost into a passion ;
It did contain poor Peter's fall,
A caution good unto us all :
He came to that where Peter wept,
"Tis here I thought he overstept
By adding too, " and well he might,"
Indeed I thought that can't be right :
To add one word to chapter more
Was what I never heard before—
His preaching did for this atone ;
I lik'd it much, so I went home
With mind made up to come once more,
Perhaps some error to explore.

But oh ! the wonders of God's grace !
 I can't forget it all my days ;
 Through the week I could not rest,
 My mind with serious thoughts imprest ;
 I paid my aunt a visit then,
 Her daughter sung for me a hymn ;
 Her voice was good, that pleas'd me much,
 But the words they did not touch ;
 An invitation it was to all
 Who are bruis'd and mangled by the fall :
 The tune it pleas'd me, and the rhyme,
 But still in darkness all the time.
 You'll wonder, when I tell you all
 My ignorance about the fall ;
 I went again, ask'd her to sing
 The hymn that made my ears to ring,
 My mind was very much imprest
 With these two lines above the rest :

“ Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 “ Bruis'd and mangled by the fall.”

I could not tell whate'er they meant,
 Therefore I grew in discontent :
 I went again, I made quite free,
 I ask'd my aunt who it could be,
 That bruised was, by a bad fall,
 I fully thought that that was all.
 Then with me she did begin,
 And pointed out old Adam's sin,
 And how, in him, we all are dead ;
 I understood not what she said :
 But I went home and thought it o'er,
 And wish'd to know a great deal more.
 When the Sabbath-day did come
 I very gladly left my home,

And went unto that church again,
 To hear that persecuted man :
 All attention, I went in,
 And when the sermon did begin,
 I felt displeased with my aunt,
 I thought she'd been with him to cant,
 And told him all things about me,
 He preach'd as though he did me see ;
 And told of all the sinful ways
 I had pursued all my days ;
 But that which made me rather start,
 He told me of my wicked heart :
 How is it, that this man can see
 What in my heart I find to be ?
 It puzzled and perplex'd me quite,
 I then was sure I was not right :
 My fallen state he did explain,
 Told me I must be born again.

Born again, what can it mean ?
 I do remember having seen
 In the third chapter of St. John ;
 If it means me I am undone !
 I'll look at it that I may see,
 If it at all belongs to me ;
 If it does, what can I say ?
 Indeed, I do not know this way ;
 Perhaps it means a child baptiz'd,
 If so I shall not be surpris'd ;
 For it is a soothing consideration,
 My prayer-book says it's regeneration.
 But can it be, that that's the case ?
 We are born, indeed, a sinful race ;
 I was baptiz'd when infant young,
 I liv'd in sin, alas ! how long ?

For nineteen years and something more,
 I never heard such things before :
 It does mean me, it means all men,
 Alas ! I am not born again.
 What must I do ? where shall I fly ?
 I must be born again, or die !
 " O Lord !" I cry'd, with every breath,
 " Give me to know the second birth."
 I did believe the Lord had power,
 I at his feet my soul did pour ;
 In every breath I then did say,
 Let me be born again, I pray.
 My head did ring, my heart did fear,
 I cry'd, " O Lord, do thou give ear ;
 " O let me not be brought to death,
 " Till I do know the second birth."
 I went to church, and on the way
 I nothing else could think or say,
 That all things else would do no good,
 Till I this mystery understood.
 When in the church my seat I took,
 My eyes were fix'd upon my book ;
 My heart within me then did say,
 " Let me be born again to-day."
 Another sermon I did hear,
 Which did increase my doubt and fear ;
 Eternal life I could not gain,
 Because I was not born again :
 For by the law I was condemn'd,
 And did not know the sinner's friend.
 The way of life I did not know,
 New birth I was a stranger to ;
 It stagger'd me and made me reel,
 I can't describe how I did feel :

I believed all the preacher said,
It did affect my heart, my head.

Some righteousness I had in store,
But was convinc'd I needed more ;
I went about, with might and main,
More righteousness for to obtain ;
I bow'd my knees with tortur'd mind,
But no deliverance could I find ;
I wish'd my sorrow to conceal,
But my looks did it reveal.
My wife with me could not condole,
All was darkness in her soul :
With her I could never pray,
I always got out of the way ;
And in the garden I have pray'd
Until the time I've gone to bed.
The winter cold, the ground froze hard,
I thought I should pay some regard
Unto myself, and not pray here,
So to my chamber I'll repair.
Not willing that my wife should hear,
I spent my time in silent prayer ;
But, Oh ! the horror and the dread
That troubl'd my distracted head.
One night when I was in my prayer,
I thought that Satan did come there,
Without a candle, in the dark,
Conception gave this dismal mark ;
He's coming o'er the room to you,
He'll have your soul and body too !
My blood ran chill through every vein,
To cry for help I thought it vain ;
But oh ! the pressure of the load,
It made me cry, My Lord, my God—

Apply the blood of Christ, I pray,
 Apply it now without delay :
 The blood of Christ I did not know,
 Yet this fiend away did go ;
 Still I thought the Lord did frown
 As though he'd pour his vengeance down
 Upon my guilty, wicked head,
 So I got up and left the bed,
 On which my arms did trembling lie,
 Out of the room I then did fly ;
 I had to pass a darksome room
 Before to staircase I did come ;
 In going down I made a clatter,
 My wife she said, " What is the matter ?"
 I show'd myself to her, 'tis true,
 But could not tell whate'er to do ;
 I durst not go again that way,
 Then with my wife began to pray :
 So out of evil there came good,
 For this should well be understood,
 To pray with wife and children too,
 Is what all Christians ought to do.
 When at the first I did her ask,
 It seem'd to be a little task ;
 Yet to ease poor wretched I,
 With my request she did comply.
 My aunt she saw my sore distress,
 But could not help me in this case.

Every sermon I did hear
 Broke my heart, and stunn'd my ear ;
 Though all was plainly told to me,
 I could not see how it could be
 That I could e'er be justify'd
 By Christ, although he bled and died.

My mind was dark, I could not see,
I then cry'd out, How can this be ?
Must I with Jesus have no share ?
I wish'd my righteousness to wear :
God's gracious plan I did not mind,
I could not leave my works behind.
I'd been confirm'd, had eaten too
What hypocrites ought not to do :
On this I made a great account,
Because I thought it did amount
To what the Lord of me requir'd,
Therefore to this I had retir'd.
The righteous law I did not see,
Nor fear'd its just demands on me :
While I sat thus, friend Moses came,
He show'd how much I was to blame ;
He took fast hold upon my throat,
Declar'd I was not worth one groat.
I thought indeed he was too hard,
For what I lov'd he'd no regard ;
I pleaded for my righteousness,
And promis'd to mend up my dress.
He went from me with angry look,
And left with me a printed book ;
And with his finger he did show,
The verse he'd have me look into ;
Galatians third it was, at length,
The verse, indeed, it was the tenth ;
It struck my mind with horror through,
And yet I thought I'd work to do.
I set to work my dress to mend,
In hopes that he would be my friend :
I tugged hard to get one piece
To set upon my ragg'd pelisse ;

As I sew'd in the stitch broke out,
 This put me wretchedly about
 To find a piece to fit the hole,
 I wish'd to do't with all my soul.
 This earnest wish I thought would do
 As well for me, as if quite new,
 I put it on, and thought it fine—
 But Moses came a second time ;
 And on me he did fix his eye,
 And with his club he broke my thigh :
 I fell beneath the heavy stroke,
 And cry'd, " O me, my bones are broke !
 " O spare me, Moses, don't destroy,
 " Will not my wishes justify ?
 " I'll try to act a better part,
 " I wish to do't with all my heart."
 " My name is Moses, I declare,
 " The sword of Justice I do bare ; bear
 " Your wishes they may terrify,
 " While on your wishes you rely :
 " They selfish are, it does not matter,
 " How much you wish for to be better.
 " All I demand is just and right,
 " I must it have, or kill you quite."
 " O wretched me," I then did cry,
 " And must I in this law-suit die !"
 I wish'd myself safe back again
 In company with wicked men :
 My peace was gone, my spirits broke,
 And I was left without a hope.
 I then did think, I would agree
 With hell, some lenity to see ;*
 I would serve sin, with all my might,
 That Satan in me might delight :

And should I come to hell beneath,
He might a little respite give.

I can't forget, while breath I draw,
How I did hate God's righteous law ;
The giver of that law as well,
Because it doom'd my soul to hell.
I parted thus, I'll not be idle,
I'll play at cards, and read my bible ;
But the two I could not join,
For Moses said, Then thou art mine :
So to go back it will not do,
It will ruin soul and body too.

By night, by day, I could not rest,
My mind so heavy was opprest.
Now in this state I suffer'd much,
I thought I'd go no more to church ;
But when the Sabbath-day was come,
I must not, could not, stay at home :
I went, but when I did come there,
It did increase my doubt and fear ;
When I came back I sigh'd, I mourn'd,
Under a heavy load I groan'd.
It was rumour'd far and near,
Poor man, he's gone into despair :
Indeed, I thought the rumour right,
My aunt she in me took delight,
And press'd me not to give it up,
Assuring me there was a hope.

Good-friday next, I did attend,
And then I met the sinner's friend :
A load of guilt I carried there,
My heart was sinking in despair.
I took my standing by a pew,
My spirit cry'd, " What must I do ? "

The prayers began, I join'd in them,
 And at the close could say, Amen ;
 But yet my load of guilt remain'd,
 I thought I could not be sustain'd.
 In Litany, how did I pray,
 But my guilt would not give way :
 Every prayer I then did feel,
 My heart did ache, my head did reel.
 Then the sermon it begun
 By that dear man, call'd Hemington :
 The subject was on Jesus' passion ;
 To me it was the Lord's compassion.
 The text to you I cannot render,
 The sermon I can well remember :
 With incarnation he began,
 How Christ came down for sinful man,
 Laid his royal robes aside,
 Came down to earth to be our guide ;
 He went about for to do good,
 And in our law-place how he stood ;
 The righteousness he did perform
 To justify a sinful worm ;
 The miracles that Jesus wrought,
 Surpassing every human thought,
 By which we all were led to see
 Supreme and lasting Deity ;
 The treatment he receiv'd from those,
 Who were determin'd to be foes ;
 The supper which he gave at last,
 Before he to the garden pass'd ;
 The Judas that betray'd our friend,
 Which brought him to that awful end ;
 His passage to the garden too,
 When over Cedron he did go ;

His Disciples how they slept,
While he pray'd, and bled, and wept ;
How he wak'd them with a word,
Excus'd for them, like the Lord ;
How the bloody band appears,
With their swords, and staves, and spears ;
How the traitor, Judas, then,
Did give him up to wicked men ;
How they led to Pilate's hall,
Among the mob, the soldiers all,
The Lamb of God, now doom'd to die,
His false accusers standing by ;
How the Judge he took that seat,
Where the criminal ought to sit ;
How they smote his face with scorns ;
How they crown'd his head with thorns ;
How his body they did tear ;
How the robe they made him wear ;
How they plucked off his beard ;
How his face it was besmear'd ;
How they made his hand to hold
A sceptre, reed instead of gold ;
How on his back they scourges laid,
And then to judgment did proceed :
The sentence it was passed then,
He was to bear the sins of men,
In his own body on the tree,
That from the curse we might be free.
The cross upon his back was laid,
Out of the gates they then proceed
Unto the mount, where he must die,
While friends and foes are standing by :
See ! he moves with a slow step,
His strength is lost with blood and sweat,

Which in the garden and the hall,
 Did down his limbs in torrents fall.
 Now he does ascend the hill,
 His heart is love and pity still :
 My soul, with joy and wonder see,
 He goes to bleed and die for thee.
 Now to the spot they do come near,
 Behold the executioner !
 With nails and hammer, lo ! he stands
 To pierce the dear Redeemer's hands.
 The cross is laid upon the ground,
 The savage crew assemble round,
 To see the horrid, cruel deed,
 And make the friend of sinners bleed.
 The Lamb was brought, the Lamb of God,
 Now to give up his precious blood !—
 Was ever love compar'd to this !
 A ransom for his enemies !
 His hands, employ'd in doing good,
 Are now stretch'd out upon the wood ;
 The nails are pointed, cruel foe,
 Methinks I hear the hammer go !
 Those feet which many miles did go,
 To seek and save the lost below,
 Are nailed fast unto the tree,
 The blood with anguish I do see !
 Will this suffice ? will they stop here ?
 O, no, the cross they upward rear,
 As Moses did the serpent high,
 So that the camp forbore to die :
 Then in a hole, prepar'd for it,
 They jerk it down with hellish spite ;
 So dislocated all his bones !
 Hark ! hark ! I hear his mighty groans !

They shook the earth, and veil'd the sky,
 While justice stern was standing by ;
 Directed by the Father's word,
 To smite the Shepherd with the sword :*
 The blow was given, all nature reel'd,
 Christ won the conquest in the field.
 But oh ! the cry, the dolorous cry,
 " I am forsook, my Father, why ?†
 Thus finish'd all the glorious plan,
 He saves from death rebellious man :
 He sweat, he bled, he said, " I thirst ;"
 He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost.‡
 A soldier there was standing by,
 He stood, as guard, to see him die,
 With a long spear he thrust his heart,
 Which blood and water did impart.
 The preacher there made a long pause,
 And ask'd the question, who it was
 For whom the Saviour did thus bleed ?
 And then, oh ! then, he did proceed
 To answer his own question, then,
 He said it was for sinful men,
 Who poor and wretched are indeed !
 Oh ! then my heart began to bleed !
 The Jews you blame, and well you may,
 But 'twas your sins that on him lay—
 That by his stripes you may be heal'd,
 And by his blood your sins cancell'd !

 All that I heard, my eyes did see,
 My heart believ'd, I cry'd, " 'Tis me !
 " My name is there, a wretched man,
 " I do believe in the dear Lamb :
 " He died for me ! my sins forgiven !
 " I'm child of God ! an heir of heaven !"

* Zech. xiii. 7. † Matt. xxvii. 46. ‡ Ibid. 50.

The veil was rent from top to bottom ;
 I was convinc'd that all was rotten,
 That mortal man could do or say,
 Without this new, this living way.
 This is the Rock on which I build,
 The Fountain too, from which I'm fill'd ;
 It open'd in his pierced side,
 'Tis there I saw the crimson tide ;
 'Tis here I eat the bread of heaven,*
 The flesh of Christ so freely given ;
 'Tis here I drank the heavenly draught,
 Which all my peace and pardon brought ;
 And thus I understand my Lord,
 In that great mystery of his word,
 " If any man my flesh doth eat,
 " And drink my blood, he shall be great ;
 " He hath eternal life within,†
 " Eternal glory he shall win !"
 To eat his flesh and drink his blood,
 It doth the soul eternal good :
 'Tis here my soul is now confirm'd,
 'Tis from himself I this have learn'd.
 This confirmation doth excel
 That which I had when at Coleshill.

Thus old things did pass away,
 All things were new, I now could say ;‡
 My old hopes were given up,
 I had in Christ a living hope ;
 My old pastime now was gone,
 I had another race to run ;
 My burden it was left behind,
 In Jesus I sweet peace did find.
 No tongue can tell how I did feel,
 I thought both heaven and earth did reel

* John vi. 51. † Ibid. 54—56. ‡ 2 Cor. v. 17.

Towards the spot where Jesus died,
 With love and mercy by their side,
 To pay their homage to the cross,
 Where all is gain without a loss.
 Sweet mercy did relieve my case,
 While love divine did me embrace ;
 I said, I will to sinners tell,
 The Lamb's redeem'd my soul from hell.
 Friend Moses now I meet with ease,
 Jesus has paid my debt he sees ;
 We live in love, and are agreed,
 So on my journey I proceed.
 No more against the law I'll strive
 'Tis all of grace I am alive.*

I travell'd home, scarce felt the ground,
 To publish this good news around :
 I thought that all with me would see,
 And followers of my Jesus be ;
 But what I said appear'd quite strange,
 They said, indeed, " He is derang'd."
 It matter'd not, I pray'd, I prais'd,
 And all the neighbourhood soon was rais'd :
 Some declar'd, " He is quite mad ;"
 Some were sorry ; some were glad ;
 Some my state they did deplore,
 And hop'd I'd go to church no more.
 All they said it had no weight,
 I was determin'd to be straight ;
 With all that said to me a word,
 I preach'd to them my dying Lord.

* Rom. iii. 31.

PART II.

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FOR twenty years I liv'd on earth
 Before I knew the second birth ;
 Early kick'd against the pricks,
 Born seventeen hundred sixty-six.
 The Lord, most gracious, good, and kind,
 He stopp'd me when I was so blind,
 And show'd to me my wicked tricks,
 In seventeen hundred eighty-six ;
 And gave me faith in Christ's own blood,
 By which I'm reconcil'd to God.
 His righteous law I love as well,
 Though once it doom'd my soul to hell.

Now, thought I, I'm born again,
 I must forsake all wicked men ;
 But to me this was a trial,
 I found the need of self-denial :
 My idols they were not destroy'd,
 I had them lying by my side ;
 My bowls and pins, oh ! foolish I !
 My cards, also, I had laid by,
 As if they might come in again,
 And I unite with foolish men.
 Yet the thought I did decry :
 This was to me a mystery,
 Which much perplex'd my tender mind,
 And made me think I yet was blind.
 Old Satan came with horrid grin,
 And said, " My lad, to me you're kin ;
 " Your heart has ne'er been changed yet,
 " All you have seen and felt's unfit

“ To be compar’d with holy men,
“ Therefore return, go back again.”
My faith gave way, I then did reel,
Oh ! my heart, what did it feel !
By night, by day, I could not rest,
My soul was very much distrest.
Now, I thought, I must give way,
I cannot meet with friends to pray ;
The horrid darkness that I felt
It made my heart and soul to melt.
I met with friends but could not pray,
So I went on from day to day :
God’s glory still was in my eye,
To him I did in earnest cry—
It was as if a voice had spoke
“ Your idols do your God provoke ;
“ Destroy them now without delay,
“ And then go on your heavenly way.”
I then arose, before day-light,
And took my cards with sacred spite,
And in the fire did see them blaze,
This did give me a little ease ;
My bowls and pins I did assault,
And brew’d with them a strike of malt :
I felt myself a great deal better,
And thought there nothing was the matter ;
I thought myself quite strong and sure,
And to the end I should endure ;
And never more disgrace that people,
Who worship God without a steeple.
But, alas ! my thoughts were vain,
I fell into disgrace again !
I had to pass o’er bowling-green,
Where very often I’d been seen ;

Old companions did surround,
And got my stake upon the ground ;
I bowled much, and won the day,
I heard my old companions say,
“ Old Satan’s in him to be sure !”
It struck my heart, I’d bowl no more ;
And as I travell’d down the hill,
I thought my conscience would me kill.
Ungrateful I, I’m much to blame,
I’ve brought disgrace on Jesu’s name !
But, indeed, this cured me quite,
Against the bowls I had a spite ;
Against myself I did deplore,
I thought I’d go and sin no more.
Still companions did entreat
That I would as usual meet ;
I then deny’d them plain and flat,
And told them I had done with that ;
I call’d them to my Gospel feast,
Told them they might be welcome guests :
I only got from them a sneer,
They would not go with me to hear ;
But resented with disdain,
Persecutors some became.
But for this I did not mind,
I wish’d to leave the world behind ;
Some did frown, and some did fret,
Because they could not with them get
‘The man whom they did once extol,
Because he acted like a fool.
Unto them I did ever say,
Come, go with me, this is the way
That leads from everlasting death,
And ends in everlasting mirth.

They all combin'd, with one consent,
 To say that they were quite content :
 Then it was they let me go ;
 For with me they could nothing do.

My parents they did blame me much,
 Because I had forsook their church :
 My mother was to me a tease,
 She wish'd the world and God to please.
 I preach'd to her with might and main,
 And soon the object did obtain :
 But oh ! how raging and how mad !
 She said, "Indeed, I should be glad
 "To see your parson, if I might,
 "I see he'll ruin you outright."
 Then to my mother I did say,
 "I'll go with you on any day."
 The day was fix'd, I let him know,
 And on that day we both did go ;
 And on the road she was most cruel,
 I thought we must have fought a duel :
 It made me wish I'd not been there,
 I thought she would be so severe ;
 But when we in the parlour came,
 She then appear'd to be quite tame,
 The converse, carriage, of the man,
 It sent her home more like a lamb ;
 This was a great relief to me,
 She said, "I'll go along with thee
 "To hear this man, he's man of God"—
 O then, thought I, that's very good.
 She went with me, she heard, she felt,
 Her haughty heart began to melt :
 I had beat her with Moses' law,
 And now the Gospel did her draw.

We both were one, she liv'd the same
 And dy'd as quiet as a lamb :
 But while she liv'd she did do good,
 And wish'd for all to come to God.
 My father, brother, sisters too,
 Along with us they all did go :
 My aunt, her daughters, all my kin,
 To meet together did begin ;
 My wife she would not stay behind,
 She wish'd to be a little kind.
 Then we went on through thick and thin,
 So the work it did begin ;
 But the way we undertook
 Was to read prayers out of a book ;
 That book it was the Common-prayers,
 It was familiar to our ears.

Our preacher sent us sermons, then
 We did read them to fellow-men :
 My aunt a Mary had, 'tis true,
 She did read prayers and sermons too.
 We went about from place to place,
 And so our numbers did increase :
 Our reader did her place decline,
 And made that work entirely mine.
 My old companions, and all men
 Declar'd I was a preacher then ;
 But no, I said, that cannot be,
 I do but read, you all may see.
 As light broke in new wants appear,
 We then did want another prayer ;
 Another book was got with speed,
 It seem'd to answer all our need ;
 There were two prayers for every day,
 They ask'd as much as we could say ;

Compos'd they were by Mason good,
 Who gave to us some pleasant food :
 But common use made them grow stale,
 Then on me they did prevail
 To pray for them, just as I felt ;
 This caus'd, indeed, their hearts to melt.

We read sermons not a few,
 Whitfield's, Cennick's, Hervey's too ;
 When we'd read them all twice o'er,
 We wished much to get some more ;
 But no sermons could we get
 So well suited to our state.
 To pray they'd press me, without book,
 To me for sermons they did look ;
 In me they thought there was a store,
 Therefore they wish'd to read no more :
 So unto me the subject brought,
 Which fill'd my mind with anxious thought.

And now I must unfold to you
 What **no man** living ever knew :
 From the time I charmed was,
 By seeing Jesus on the cross ;
 My heart, indeed, was so led out,
 I thought I must go round about
 For to warn sinners, and to tell
 That Jesus saves from death and hell.
 But why did I delay to go,
 When my mind did feel just so !
 Want of talent, want of power,
 Did prevent me every hour ;
 I thought it not design'd for me,
 I had no learning all might see :
 Beside the work it was so great
 For mortal man to undertake !

I shudder'd at the thought indeed,
 And durst not venture to proceed ;
 Yet the thought would ever rise ;
 Sometimes I could not close my eyes.
 By night and day I harass'd was,
 I thought at times this is the cause ;
 Devices, from the infernal den,
 In tempting me to speak to men :
 I pray'd, O Lord ! repel the dart !
 But still it lay upon my heart.
 I wondered why I should feel thus ;
 But the subject ne'er discuss'd :
 No friend on earth I durst it tell,
 I thought it must come out of hell.

Our minister was left and gone,
 My friends they heard at Atherstone,
 I and relations at Nuneaton,
 Where they'd made of me a deacon.
 I knew my pastor thought it wrong
 For men unlearn'd to use their tongue :
 I knew if God had design'd me
 A preacher of his word to be,
 He would by some means bring me out,
 Of this at all I had no doubt ;
 His power it was sufficient too,
 To help me speak, and bring me through :
 I only wish'd to understand
 That I went out at God's command.
 I had on me a violent cough,
 To read and pray was quite enough :
 For full nine years it did me tease,
 No medicine would give me ease.
 I thought as it is so with me,
 A preacher I can never be :

I wished much for to do right,
 I pray'd to God both day and night
 That, if for it he'd me design'd,
 He would disclose it to my mind ;
 Remove this cough, that I might see
 He had cut out this work for me.
 I had not long pray'd in this way
 Before my cough was gone, I say !
 Oh ! can this mercy be forgot !
 It went as though I knew it not !
 My friends they saw I better was,
 But did not understand the cause ;
 Nor did I wish it to reveal,
 My mind from them I did conceal.
 The work appear'd to me so great,
 And Satan he that work did hate,
 I therefore falter'd in my mind,
 And to my Lord I prov'd unkind ;
 Though he'd shown mercy unto me,
 And set my lungs at liberty.
 But ah ! I thought the time was come,
 If I'd not pray'd it would have gone ;
 But oh ! the trouble of my mind,
 In reading I no peace could find !
 My friends they still surrounded me ;
 Believ'd I must a preacher be :
 I did think so with all my heart,
 But durst not act a valiant part.
 Many prayers to Heaven did go,
 Which did increase my grief and woe ;
 I fear'd the Lord would judgment bring,
 But could not venture—what a thing !
 One day I in the garden was,
 My mind was then in a deep pause,

Thinking on the mercy given,
 And on the prayers that went to Heaven.
 It was as though a voice did speak,
 (Enough my wretched heart to break !)
 " What if thou art call'd to be,
 " A preacher unto men for me ;
 " Wilt thou hide the gift of Heaven,
 " The talent which to thee is given,
 " In the earth, where none can find,
 " While sinners round thee are so blind ?"
 Oh ! what amazement did I feel !
 It made my head and body reel !
 I retir'd into my room,
 And feared that some heavy doom
 Would on me fall, for this delay,
 Therefore to preach I must give way.
 But ah ! my treacherous wicked heart,
 Always prone for to depart ;
 I treated it as a temptation,
 Which has been cause for lamentation.
 In a few days my horse I took,
 I had to pass a little brook ;
 He jumped o'er and I fell down,
 I found I'd got a broken bone :
 A heavy stroke it seem'd to be,
 While I cry'd out, " Ah ! me, ah ! me,
 " That I should disobey my Lord,
 " And not proclaim his Gospel word !"
 I promis'd if he'd then restore,
 I'd disobey the call no more :
 And it was wonderful to tell,
 The bone was set and did so well,
 For in six weeks I left my bed,
 Not without preaching in my head ;

But still unwilling to begin,
I feared yet it would be sin.

My mother anxious, and friends all
For me to understand the call ;
As coming from the court above,
To teach to sinners God is love.
My mind it was put much about,
And how to bring the matter out
Unto my pastor, I could tell,
He would not like it very well.
Church-meeting it was coming on,
I thought I then would make it known ;
When I came there the subject turn'd
On preaching men, and yet unlearn'd :
They gave it in against such clowns,
Now, thought I, the subject frowns.
I knew the sentiment before,
So now my state I did deplore :
I had to name, in duty bound,
What I'd experienc'd, what I'd found ;
With trembling lips and faltering tongue
I said, " Good Sirs, you may be wrong !
" Disciples they no learning had,
" To preach the Gospel they were glad."

My pastor he was a good man,
But a warm Scotchman could not ken,
" Ah ! John," said he, " you're losing ground,
" They were with Christ for three years round."
" What of that ?" I did reply,
" Does not Jesus dwell on high,
" And by his Spirit show his will ?
" Is he not with his people still,
" To show them where, and how, and when
" They ought to speak to dying men ?

“ By this John Bunyan’s learning came,
 “ He was a man of brightest fame ;
 “ You know he was, good Sir, for why ?
 “ He preach’d the truth so faithfully.”

“ Ah ! John,” he said, “ now you should know

“ John B—— is not a rule for you ;
 “ He was an exception, this you know,
 “ No man was like him here below.”

“ Exception, Sir ! why this will do !
 “ If there was one there may be two ;
 “ If he was one I am the other,
 “ I am, indeed, John Bunyan’s brother.”
 I thought with him, though thus I spoke ;
 But my heart was almost broke :

For my pastor I did love,
 And hope to meet him safe above ;
 Where both he and I shall see
 Men unlearned much like me.

I left these men both wise and good,
 Depending only on my God ;
 Hoping that he’d direct my way,
 And never, never, let me stray :
 Yet so distracted was my mind,
 I could no comfort get or find ;
 And like a fire within my bone,
 Nothing, oh ! nothing would atone,
 But cry aloud, Spare not, God said,
 Lest blood be found upon thy head !

“ Dear Lord, dear Lord, and must I try !
 “ I fear the work will make me die.”
 Such a thought, oh ! do not cherish,
 Better one die than many perish !
 “ I will be with thee,” saith the Lord,
 “ My wisdom shall direct thy word ;

" My power shall help thee, bring thee thro',
 " And make thee more than conqueror too."
 " Dear Lord," I said, " if thou art mine,
 " My body, soul, I would resign
 " To be employ'd by thee on earth,
 " As long as e'er I draw my breath."
 But some one rapped at the door,
 It was a sound I'd heard before ;
 I did refuse to let him in,
 To rage and foam he did begin ;
 About my ears made such a clatter,
 I then did say, " What is the matter ?"
 " What is the matter !" was the reply,
 " You've set your pastor up so high,
 " He'll ne'er be reconcil'd again,
 " If you should preach to fellow-men :
 " Your brother deacon does you blame,
 " And all the members do the same."
 " Well," I said, " I know, 'tis true,
 " What will be best for me to do ?"
 " To pray and read," was the reply,
 " That will be best you may rely."
 " But we no sermons can obtain."
 " Then read the old ones o'er again."
 I propos'd for to do so,
 But all my friends did say, No, no ;
 The old sermons will not do,
 We must have something now quite new :
 We must have sermons without stint,
 We want them from the real mint.

At this time my mother laid
 Sick and dying on her bed ;
 She ever wish'd to hear me preach,
 But to that she never reach'd :

In the Lord she happy was,
 She pleaded for his righteous cause ;
 Unto children, neighbours, all,
 She did extend her dying call.
 A little time before she died,
 I standing near to her bed side,
 Said, " Mother ! now what can I do ;
 " Can I give any thing to you ?"
 " No ! no !" she said, " I've all in Christ !"
 My heart, with this, was much rejoic'd.
 When her soul was fled and gone,
 I took a walk away from home,
 To a large wood, where I did wander,
 And over all things I did ponder :
 The work of God upon my soul,
 And how he made my mother whole ;
 How my cough had been remov'd ;
 How my ears God's voice refus'd ;
 How in the garden I was struck ;
 How old Satan did me mock ;
 The nine years' conflict I had had,
 And how I'd had a broken leg ;
 How my mother wished much,
 Before she died, to hear me preach.
 At this time I there was seiz'd,
 As beneath a mill-stone squeez'd ;
 The voice it came now like the God
 Whose way I'd shunn'd, and had not trod :
 " Your mother's gone, you've made her smart,
 " She wish'd to hear you from her heart."
 It brought me down, I cry'd amain,
 " Alas ! for me, I've sinn'd again !"
 I thought the trees did cry, " Ah ! shame !"
 And every leaf, " You are to blame !"

Oh ! now, thought I, it is all o'er,
 I must depart and be no more !
 While I lay prostrate on the ground
 I thought I heard a pleasant sound,
 " Weep not : come, wipe thy tears away,
 " Thy mother's gone to endless day ;
 " She needs not the preaching of her son,
 " She enter'd on eternal noon :
 " But thou, O man of God, be strong ;
 " Go preach my word, I'll be thy tongue ;
 " Press on, press on, be not dismay'd,
 " I am thy all-sufficient aid."

Now, on my knees, I made a vow,
 I will go preach thy Gospel now ;
 Whate'er I gain, whate'er I lose,
 Whoe'er may help or may oppose.
 I left the wood with resolution,
 To put this vow in execution.
 My aunt she lived near the wood,
 To call on her I did think good :
 Very soon they then begun
 To call me an ungrateful son ;
 You know how anxious mother was,
 To hear you preach as well as us.
 " Well," I said, " now don't me chide,
 " I mean to preach whate'er betide."
 " Then fix your time," they then did say,
 " That we may give it out straightway."
 " No," I said, " let's bury mother,
 " And then I'll meet you all together ;
 " And shall ask for reasons then,
 " You think I ought to preach to men."
 The time was fix'd, they all came there,
 My heart did tremble, quake, and fear :

The meeting then with prayer began,
I wish'd to know then from each man
Why they thought I talent had,
To preach to sinners good and bad.
The answers that they gave to me,
They were quite just, and very free,
Which fully satisfied my mind ;
But, indeed, I could not find
The power to say when I'd begin ;
I hop'd they'd let me read again ;
At least I must read two weeks more,
" I've got two sermons yet in store ;
" When I've read them, I will come out,
" You'll pray for me I have no doubt."
Two heavy weeks they were to me ;
In reading I no peace could see :
They seem'd displeased very much,
Because I still lean'd on my crutch.
I did consent at length to say,
I would begin on such a day :
It was publish'd freely then,
And made known unto all men.
It matters not who says, " Thou fool !"
I have been long enough at school ;
I've pass'd the college now quite through,
I must have something else to do.
Jehovah's wise, He's great and good,
His way's but little understood ;
He's just, and righteous, holy too,
Beyond what wit or learning knew.

PART III.

THE day for preaching, when it came,
I was tempted still the same ;
To think I'd overstepp'd the bound,
In me no strength at all was found.
My heart I felt all over sin,
I thought, indeed, I can't begin ;
If I begin and can't go through,
Then, alas ! what must I do ?
My text was suited to my case,
You'll find it in that very place,
Psalm one hundred forty-six,
Verse the eighth, on that I fix'd.
With many prayers to God on high,
That he would then to me be nigh,
That he'd help me for to speak ;
But I thought my heart would break.
I on God's word could not rely,
I'd giv'n my own and must comply ;
For I always did disdain
For to deceive my fellow-men.
I thought companions would be there,
Some to mock, and some to sneer ;
This gave my mind a serious thought,
What if one poor soul be brought ?
This gave to me another frame,
So that I went in Jesu's name.
When I came there, there was a throng,
So there was work now for my tongue ;
My heart also, as was most fit,
I know it was engag'd in it ;

But how it flutter'd ! how it beat !
 It threw me into a great heat !
 I took my standing where to pray,
 And then I thought, " What must I say ?"
 We sang, I pray'd, and then I read
 My text ; but what a giddy head !
 Never was a text before
 So read in pieces, I am sure !
 I had to breathe at every word,
 While I cry'd out, " Assist me, Lord !"
 I try'd to speak, but overpower'd,
 The briny tears down all cheeks pour'd ;
 I try'd again, could not begin,
 I said, " I wish you'd sing a hymn ;"
 They sang it then with feeling much,
 There was not a heart it did not touch :
 And when the hymn was finish'd quite,
 I then went on with some delight,
 And preach'd the subject I propos'd.
 As soon as e'er the sermon clos'd,
 It was suggested to my mind,
 " Another sermon you can't find ;
 " Therefore to publish will be vain,
 " You never need stand up again :
 " It is not ground for you to tread,
 " Therefore get home and go to bed."
 To this, indeed, I did give way,
 I thought I'd nothing more to say :
 The people all dissatisfy'd,
 Each friend did say, " God will provide."
 I begg'd to read two sermons more,
 That I might think the subject o'er ;
 They all cry'd out, " It is a shame,
 " For you to take to crutch again :"

Yet I determin'd to proceed,
 These two sermons for to read ;
 And the work to me was such,
 I tumbled down and broke my crutch.
 My friends now plainly understood,
 In reading I could do no good ;
 I felt the same, my prop was gone,
 And I was left a wretch to moan.
 Now while I lay in great distress,
 My Master came with truth and grace ;
 Yet like poor fallen Adam, I
 From his kind presence fain would fly,
 And hide among some sermon leaves,
 As Adam did among the trees.
 But oh ! my conscience, what a sting !
 His voice it made my ears to ring :
 He said to me, " How is it, man,
 " That you have now forsook the plan ?
 " Did I not set thee in the way ?
 " How is it now you've gone astray ?
 " Come, now I will take off thy dress,
 " And let thee see thy nakedness.
 " It's not all gold that seemeth such,
 " There is much pride thy heart does touch ;
 " You'd like to shine in a Greek coat,
 " And Hebrew, Latin, freely quote ;
 " Then your haughty heart would swell,
 " And think you did it mighty well."
 I stood and heard the charge quite out,
 It was the truth without a doubt ;
 Because it had been told to me
 No man a preacher ought to be,
 Unless he Greek and Hebrew knows ;
 And Latin too would help his views.

I did not cover, try to hide,
 I did believe it was my pride ;
 My Master then with pleasant smile,
 And in an easy, holy style,
 Said to me, " Is this thy case ?
 " Thy talent is well suited to thy place ;
 " If thou be here, if thou go yonder,
 " I'll leave thee not, do thou this ponder :
 " Declare the truth as far as known,
 " The power to change is all my own."
 " Dear Lord," I said, " I'm satisfied,
 " O pardon, pardon all my pride !
 " Help me to go, just as I am,
 " And preach salvation through the Lamb !"

I then did publish I should preach,
 The ears of all it soon did reach ;
 And all attention they did come,
 I preach'd as though I was at home.
 My pastor then, he could not see
 That I a proper man should be ;
 Would often from the pulpit drop
 Such things as did my feelings shock.
 I heard him twice on Sabbath days,
 Then three miles I came my ways,
 And preach'd to men as dark as night :
 It turn'd their darkness into light !

Now my mind it did enlarge,
 I had a duty to discharge
 To sinners, who in darkness lay,
 Without the light of Gospel day.
 A most abandon'd place it was,
 I wish to tell to you the cause ;
 A colliery it was indeed,
 And in this way they did proceed :

After working hard all week,
 On Sabbath days they then would seek
 Their cocks and dogs and make them fight,
 In this they did take great delight ;
 They drank, they swore, and fought themselves,
 And so they had but empty shelves ;
 Their wives and children wretched too,
 I thought some good I here might do.

I ask'd my friends to go with me
 Unto this place, called Baddesley ;
 They said, " Along with you we'll go,"
 Therefore I let the people know,
 That on Easter-Sunday ninety-eight,
 They might expect me, should all be straight,
 Upon the common, such a place,
 I wish'd to see them face to face.
 A stranger in that place I was,
 Nor did they know what was the cause
 For which I wish'd to speak to them ;
 When we got there, a few men came :
 They had, indeed, a siden look,
 As if they fear'd I should rebuke ;
 I spoke to them both meek and mild,
 As though I'd got a little child.
 I said how much I wish'd them well ;
 By their looks I then could tell
 I might go on, and say some more ;
 Then unto them I did explore
 The design I had in view,
 Singing, praying, preaching too.
 My eye on every motion set,
 I plainly saw I might do that :
 We sang, we pray'd, I preached too,
 The Lord, most high, did help me through.

When I had done some said, Amen,
 I hope the mon will come again ;
 I said, I mean to come once more,
 You'll bring your wives with you be sure,
 Your fellows, neighbours, all, 'tis true,
 I wish you well and happy too.

Next Lord's day at two o'clock,
 They did surround me like a flock ;
 All attention they did stand,
 I had the word at my command :
 I pointed out their wicked ways,
 They had pursued all their days.
 Would you believe ! as I went on,
 They did speak out, " Who's told the mon ?"
 I then replied, " I knew this case,
 " And that has brought me to this place."
 " Bless the mon," they then did say,
 For coming here to preach and pray.
 I publish'd when I'd come again,
 Their conduct seem'd to say, Amen ;
 I heard them say, " He's a good mon,
 " I'll come and hear him if I con."
 This language would not some men win,
 But to my own it was akin :
 Men drest in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin,
 May suit the ladies that wear satin ;
 And speak in language soaring high,
 May please the ear, delight the eye ;
 And fancy that they do excel,
 Yet in the end may not do well.
 That word is most likely to be blest,
 That beareth hard upon the breast ;
 That breaks the bone to reach the heart ;
 That makes the guilty conscience smart ;

That shows the curse incur'd by sin ;
 The awful state the soul is in ;
 The need there is of pardoning blood,
 To reconcile the soul to God :
 Also the want of grace indeed,
 To help the soul in time of need,
 To live devoted to the Lord,
 According to his Gospel word.

The word that comes the plainest drest,
 Will answer all these ends the best :
 Plain language I shall ne'er abuse,
 Because fine words I cannot use ;
 And if I could I do know better,
 I only wish for Gospel matter.
 Lord, be with all, both rich and poor,
 And help us to come here once more.

We returned home and preached there,
 My friends were very glad to hear
 How the Colliers did attend,
 And hop'd that Christ would be their friend.
 The next Sabbath, when I came,
 I try'd to point out all their blame ;
 The danger it expos'd them to,
 And then the Saviour held to view,
 As bleeding on the cross for men ;
 They felt, they cry'd, they wept amain ;
 I can't forget the anxious face,
 And how the tears did flow apace.
 All this did seem a promise good,
 That the word was understood ;
 I therefore said, " I'll come again,
 " To speak to you my fellow-men."

A reverend Doctor they had got,
 Who lived on the very spot ;

Became enrag'd, he thought it wrong
 For man, like me, to use my tongue ;
 Therefore with men he did combine
 To give them ale, that's very fine,
 To meet with me the next Lord's day,
 And from the place take me away ;
 " Disturb, abuse, but don't him kill,
 " I am your watchful shepherd still."
 Those who had heard me knew all this,
 They thought it would not be amiss
 To let me know, and not to come,
 They fear'd the " good mon's" heavy doom.
 I sent them word right back again,
 Not to be afraid of men :
 I've took the field and hope to stand,
 All men are in my Master's hand ;
 Then two don fighters, who liv'd there,
 They both had been each time to hear ;
 They met together, and agreed
 To stand by me in time of need.
 They took an oath then, in their way,
 To fight for me on that same day ;
 They had agreed for to let blood,
 To make their vow and promise good :
 This I found they did not do,
 They thought each other would be true.
 My body guards I did not know,
 Nor did I understand it so :
 Believing that it would be evil,
 I thought I would attack the devil.
 I had for text, " Be sober then,
 " He is a foe unto all men ;
 " He goes about them to devour,
 " Be on your guard then every hour."

We left the females all behind,
 My companions were mankind ;
 And when we came unto the spot,
 We had but few, this was our lot ;
 For those who fear'd the Doctor's rage,
 In this affair, durst not engage.
 But we had the strength of all,
 For Bown and Jones were strong and tall ;
 They'd fix'd themselves each by my side,
 And their fists they often try'd,
 Expecting to have use for them,
 In knocking down these drunken men.
 Both these men, unknown to me,
 I could not tell how it could be
 That when these half drunk men appear'd,
 They stood awhile and off they steer'd ;
 But one who thought himself the best,
 He came up nigh and thus exprest
 The office he had come upon,
 By whirl of hat and noisy tone.
 I said, " That man that doeth evil,
 " Is the very likeness of the devil :
 " Look at him ! he's in that man !
 " Hark ! how he roars as vile as can !"
 Bown and Jones were what they fear'd,
 Therefore it was that off they steer'd :
 They went away, no more of them,
 But Bown he thought, " I'm like that man !
 " The devil's in me now, he says,
 " And has been in me all my days !"
 It sunk into his wretched heart,
 Which caus'd him from his sins to part ;
 And a kind friend became to me ;
 I at his house could happy be.

The service ended, home we go,
 And wonder why we came off so :
 Divinity was thrown aside,
 The Doctor rag'd, with horrid tide,
 He'd lost his ale and project too ;
 And now, poor man, what must he do ?
 To constable he went straightway,
 And unto him he thus did say :

“ Do you be ready by next week,
 “ We'll stop the man who steals the sheep.”
 “ Very well, Doctor,” he reply'd,
 “ I will be there, if you'll be guide.”
 “ O, I'll be there and fix the plan,
 “ We must not have this noisy man ;
 “ They run by crowds to hear him bawl,
 “ He'll ruin them, he'll ruin all.”

The constable himself had been,
 His wife and children I had seen :
 The time it came, his wife did fear
 She must not go this man to hear.
 “ O go,” her husband did reply,
 “ You only will be standing by ;
 “ 'Tis not on you that we shall fasten,
 “ We shall but take away your parson :
 “ You know that I must stay at home,
 “ Until the Doctor he does come.”
 He stay'd at home, as still as mouse,
 And wish'd we'd got our licensed house :
 By the next week he understood,
 It would be licensed sure and good.
 He devis'd, and quickly found
 A means the Doctor to confound ;
 For when he unto him did come,
 He said, “ Now, Sir, come sit you down,

" And let me know how we must do,
 " This affair now to get through."
 They sat and talk'd the manner how,
 " Come," said the Doctor, " let us go ;"
 " No," said Wheatley, with a smile,
 " He'll not be there of a long while ;
 " If he should come while we are there,
 " He will decline then out of fear :
 " Come, sit down, 'tis not yet time,
 " I've got some ale that's very fine."
 They drank and talk'd a little more,
 The Doctor fear'd it would be o'er :
 " O no," said Wheatley, " no such thing,
 " He always preaches with long wind."
 They stopp'd and talk'd a little more,
 The Doctor said, " It will be o'er,
 " He will be gone, come, let us go !"
 The constable would have it so :
 He look'd at clock, said, " Doctor, see !
 " The time is gone ! how fleet ! how free !
 " Indeed, good Sir, this is our fate,
 " We need not go, we are too late,
 " The man is gone now clear away,
 " We must take him another day."

The Doctor was enrag'd at this,
 He return'd home and told old Miss ;
 Who very much enraged was,
 She then went there to know the cause,
 And found that wife and children then,
 Had been to hear the noisy man ;
 And at them she did rage and swear,
 They fought and did each other tear,
 And now they clearly understood,
 That for the house we license had ;

The next Sabbath when it come,
 I there preach'd twice and once at home.
 When I had preach'd in the forenoon,
 From church the Doctor he did come ;
 He went from house to house to see
 Who they were that had heard me :
 He had got on his preaching gown,
 And so he call'd on William Bown.
 This William Bown was the said don,
 Who very much esteem'd the mon :
 " Bown," said he, " I much do fear
 " That you have been this man to hear."
 " I have, indeed," was Bown's reply,
 This rais'd the Doctor's cautions high ;
 You must not go again that way,
 " I'm sure I shall then," Bown did say ;
 " Doctor, if you will go also,
 " He'll tell you what you do not know."
 The Doctor at him rag'd and swore,
 He left him and he said no more.
 Unto another he did say,
 " You are my sheep, you've gone astray ;"
 The man replied, " Sir, not too soon,
 " You feed me with an empty spoon !"
 No good the Doctor e'er could get,
 Therefore he stay'd at home to fret.
 Baddesley now I must give up,
 I'm call'd to feed another flock ;
 A congregation large to me,
 'Tis in the town that's call'd Hinckley,
 Mr. Denham, friendly man,
 Supply'd them till I came again ;
 When I return'd he did give up,
 And they became my little flock,

I here do stop, I write no more,
 Though a great deal I have in store :
 When in eternity I am,
 You'll have some more, you'll know my name ;
 And if the whole should meet your eye,
 It will be truth you may rely.

And if in Heaven's bright world we meet,
 Where all's eternity so sweet,
 Your aid with all we there shall claim,
 To praise and bless the Saviour's name.

Ye seraphs, strike aloud your lyre,
 Raise, raise your notes a great deal higher ;
 Sound his praises, sing his love,
 While through eternity we move.

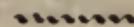
Ye blood bought souls, come join the song,
 To you these praises do belong :

“ We come, we come, now at your call,
 “ To crown King Jesus Lord of all.”

Gabriel, come, let's have your note,
 It is an universal vote ;
 Paul, Peter, James, and loving John,
 Now we've begun we must go on.

O Father Adam, thee we see,
 Thou art not conceal'd behind the tree ;
 The Lord of Life he brought thee out,
 Thou art with us, we have no doubt.
 Here's Abraham, Isaac, Jacob too,
 They now begin their songs anew :
 All the Prophets here they stand
 With crowned heads and harps in hand.
 Job, the sufferer, is brought in,
 Though tempted, by his nearest kin,
 To curse his God and so to die ;
 But now he is exalted high.

Here is David too, a man of taste,
 He's a great share among the rest;
 Come, sound thy harp, and sound it higher,
 To nobler bliss we can't aspire.
 The holy Martyrs now appear,
 They've wash'd their robes, it is most clear
 They have a song above the rest,
 Because they serv'd our Lord the best:
 But all their service dies away,
 It was free grace, they all do say,
 That wash'd their robes and made them white;
 The Lamb, the Lamb is their delight.
 General assembly, we agree,
 Calvin, Whitfield, and Wesley,
 Pious Churchmen and Noncon,
 They are at home, and are all one.
 We join in one harmonious song,
 To the slain Lamb our praise belong:
 The Father, Son, and holy Spirit,
 Eternal praises must inherit.



THE CHRISTIAN'S WISH.

I WOULD not, Lord, disgrace thy name,
 I wish thy people brighter fame.
 I would not have thy church decrease,
 I wish to see it much increase.
 I would not have my love depart,
 I wish to feel it in my heart.
 I would not have on earth one tie,
 I wish for this whene'er I die.
 I would not always live on earth,
 I wish to die thy people's death.
 I would not, Lord, thy work resign,
 I wish to know that thou art mine.

I would not from the cross give way,
I wish to work, to praise, and pray.
I would not on my works depend,
I wish to trust the sinner's friend.
I would not trust my wicked heart,
I wish to act a wiser part.
I would not flatter friend or foe,
I wish for truth where'er I go.
I would not utter a base lie,
I wish to fix my mind on high.
I would not think the Lord unkind,
I wish to leave my cares behind.
I would not from thy house retreat,
I wish to wait, Lord, at thy feet.
I would not have my mind to wander,
I wish to keep my passions under.
I would not from thee ever stray,
I wish to hear what thou dost say.
I would not then be satisfied,
I wish to feel its power beside.
I would not on feeling then depend,
I wish to trust a better friend.
I would not at death be terrified,
I wish to know my Saviour died.
I would not die in slavish fear,
I wish to have my Jesus near.
I would not in sickness lose my tongue,
I wish to speak his praises long.
I would not forget his dying love,
I wish to praise him when above.
I would not forget his mercies past,
I wish to praise him to the last.
I would not have my kindred weep,
I wish them to know I'm gone to sleep.
I would not have my friends to scatter,
I wish with them it may be better.
I would not have them stay behind,
I wish a Mansion they may find.

I would not have them bound to earth,
 I wish to them a second birth.
 I would not have them die in sin,
 I wish to Christ they may be kin.
 I would not have them stay at home,
 I wish to God's house they may come.
 I would not have one soul be lost,
 I wish they knew its worth and cost.
 I would not have them cast away,
 I wish they'd come to Christ to-day.
 I would not have Christians disagree,
 I wish that happy they may be.
 I would not lose sight of Christian union,
 I wish in Christ to hold communion.
 I would not o'erlook the meanest friend,
 I wish to love them to the end.
 I would not trust in self, lest I should fall,
 I wish for Christ to be my all in all.



THE PASTOR'S CONCERN.

HE labours hard to find a word,
 That some instruction may afford.
 He labours hard to know the sense,
 Before that word he dare dispense.
 He wants to understand it plain,
 Before he speaks to dying men.
 He labours hard with prayers and tears,
 That the same word may reach their ears,
 And sink deep into the heart,
 And bid each sinful lust depart.
 He labours hard that they may know,
 To Justice, what a debt they owe ;
 That they may feel their guilt and shame,
 And see how much they've been to blame.
 He labours to be understood,
 That in themselves there is no good ;
 No worth at all, no power or merit ;
 Eternal life they can't inherit.
 He labours then with all his breath
 To say there is a second birth ;

It must be known in all its parts,
 It has to do with human hearts ;
 The power of it is felt within
 For to subdue the reign of sin ;
 The struggle in the soul is felt,
 It makes the stoney heart to melt.

He labours then, with might and main,
 To point them to the bleeding Lamb.
 He labours to be understood,
 The blood of Christ can do them good ;
 His righteousness doth justify :
 On this poor sinners may rely.

The man looks up, believes and lives,
 And unto Christ the glory gives,
 For his rich grace, so full, so free,
 And then cries out, Why me ! why me !

Now is his labour at an end ?
 No, still he is the sinner's friend :
 The same he has to undergo
 With sinners here on earth below ;
 And those who now are just brought in,
 Are not exempt from heartfelt sin.
 He labours then to build them up,
 Desiring much to reap a crop
 Of souls, so dearly bought with blood,
 And see them housed home with God.
 He labours then, with all his might,
 And in this work he takes delight,
 To build them up in faith and love,
 And hopes to meet them safe above.
 Desire and wish they both combine,
 To see them in the vineyard shine,
 Producing fruit that all may see,
 They are in Christ the living tree.
 He still desires, this is his prayer,
 Whene'er he preach that they be there.
 His wishes do not here expire,
 He labours with intent desire
 To see them walking in the road
 That leads to happiness and God ;
 And with them there and then to stand,
 With crowned heads and harps in hand.

Syracuse, N. Y.

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